You'd Better Pray

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You'd Better Pray

by WordsAblaze

Summary

> “Will, I must encourage you to limit your movement and avoid disturbing the debris above you.”
>
> Despite his situation, Will laughs, another tear burning a path down to his temple. “Where—where could I… go?”
>
> Though he gives the hint of a smile, Hannibal looks upset at the question. Will can’t figure out why, until the other man clears his throat to break the silence between them. “I’m grateful you had the foresight to contact me, or else I’m not certain…”
>
> …the FBI would have found you in time.

Notes

> this is basically yesterday's fic slightly to the left :)
>
> day 5 prompts used: debris / pinned down

See the end of the work for more notes

There was something wrong with the building.

There was something wrong with the building, and nobody had paid any attention to Will when he had said as much.

So, when the ceiling groans and the walls tremble and the floor shudders below them, Will can safely say he's disappointed but not surprised. In fact, he spares a moment to roll his eyes before diving to the nearest sheltered spot like he assumes the others must also be doing. If some part of him hopes this teaches them a lesson about dismissing him, well, nobody has to know.

Regardless, he manages to duck under a sturdy-looking desk just as the building folds in on itself. He also—more importantly—manages to send Hannibal a text because, sue him, he has next to no faith in the FBI prioritising him and, for all his faults, that seems to be the one thing his psychiatrist *always* does.

He has no idea whether the text goes through, or even if he'd typed out a coherent sentence in the end, because the desk crumbles under the pressure of the falling infrastructure and the world darkens a mere heartbeat after that fact registers in his mind.

"Will?"

Will what?

"Will?"

Will he what?

"Will!"

No really, will he *what?*

"Will Graham, you will answer me right now!"

Oh.

Will *him.*

He blinks, and immediately regrets the action when dust shifts over his eyes. Squeezing his eyes shut again immediately, he groans, and that seems to be enough of a response to satisfy the voice calling out for him.

"There you are. Oh, Will…"

Two things occur to him upon hearing that. First that his name has genuinely never been uttered with such a soft sort of devastation, and second that his entire body *hurts* .

He cries out as his eyes fly open, and very nearly panics when the darkness doesn't immediately fade. That problem is soon solved by strong, virile hands that peel away layers of cement and insulation and who knows what else to reveal familiar maroon eyes.

"Shh, shh, do not attempt to move. You'll be alright, I'm here now," Hannibal soothes, and Will believes him without a second thought. Without even a *first* thought, really, because he can't exactly think past the pain.

"D—Hann… Ca—can't—can't… breathe," Will gasps, the screaming of his lungs having stolen the spotlight.

Hannibal's brows furrow and his gaze travels across what Will assumes must be his body, not that he can feel any of his limbs. He must still have them all, though, because Hannibal's expression calmly settles after a moment and he nods. "You don't appear to be gravely wounded, Will. I'm going to remove the debris currently restricting your lungs, so, if you would, hold as still as possible for me."

Will nods, and stops trying so hard to focus, letting his eyes flutter shut and wincing when hot tears slide down over his temples. He can't be sure how much time passes between that pitiful interaction and the exact moment his lungs expand enough for him to gulp in oxygen like a fish out of water, but he knows it must have been longer than it had felt because Hannibal is all but *dishevelled* when their gazes meet again.

Hannibal pushes his limp hair back with a shaking hand—Will can't be certain he isn't hallucinating that, which seems more likely an explanation for such unusual behaviour than anything else—and offers Will a small smile. "How do you feel, Will?"

"Not—not really the, uh, time… for therapy… is it?" Will retorts, and they both ignore how his jagged breathing more or less ruins his attempt at humour.

Perhaps just to be uncharacteristically kind, Hannibal chuckles. "No, I don't suppose it is," he agrees, his expression then hardening. "Will, I must encourage you to limit your movement and avoid disturbing the debris above you."

Despite his situation, Will laughs, another tear burning a path down to his temple. "Where—where could I… go?"

Though he gives the hint of a smile, Hannibal looks upset at the question. Will can't figure out why, until the other man clears his throat to break the silence between them. "I'm grateful you had the foresight to contact me, or else I'm not certain…"

…the FBI would have found you in time.

Will swallows, and nods. "I'm… grateful you came."

"Of course," Hannibal replies instantly, seeming offended by the implication that there could be any other option. He reaches out and carefully brushes what must be fine rubble away from Will's forehead, his hand then settling against Will's cheek with his thumb carefully brushing the space under his eyes, brushing away the tears trapped there.

Will lets out a shaky exhale, leaning into the touch. He seems to surprise both of them by doing so, but neither of them move, both transfixed by the single point of contact—and Will also more literally fixed in place by the mess of a building pinning him down.

“The rescue team should be here soon,” Hannibal whispers, because of course he knows that. He may well have summoned them, if his inexplicably widespread influence is anything to go by. “They hadn’t been made aware of anyone being this far into the building so there’s been an unfortunate delay in reaching you," he adds, more than a little sourly, confirming in Will's mind that he has indeed managed to guilt trip and boss around yet another set of professionals.

Nodding, Will concentrates on his hands for a moment, concluding that his right arm is too securely trapped to move but that his left one, with just the slightest, *slightest* wriggling, can be pulled out of the rubble. With a tired but victorious grin, he mirrors Hannibal’s position, reaching up and cupping a hand around his psychiatrist’s face, frowning at how warm his skin feels.

“Are you—?”

“I am perfectly fine,” Hannibal interrupts, but not unkindly. He too leans into the touch, and presses his own hand to the outside of Will's, effectively holding it up for him and relieving his muscles of the effort. They must make a ridiculous scene, Will thinks, but, still, neither of them make any move to pull away from one another. At least Will can later blame that decision on his probable concussion, he’s not sure what Hannibal’s excuse would be. Not that the man needs one, because Will knows he won’t be able to find it in himself to tease him about this, all things considered.

“Thank you,” he breathes eventually. Hannibal smiles down at him, and Will knows that probable concussion must be a definite one when he catches himself marvelling at how it’s one of the most magnificent smiles he’s ever seen in his life.

“The pleasure is all mine,” Hannibal replies, equally as quiet, his tone dangerously gentle.

This time, the darkness seeps in slowly, and Will doesn’t panic when it does because he knows for certain that at least one person—for whatever reason—considers it a priority to pull him back from it.

there was actually no concussion and neither of them have any excuse to be so fond in high tension situations.

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